Look Up.

ELLEN PATTON.

It was early in the morning,
The light was faint and dim;
The birds were just beginning
To chant their morning hymn.
A voice from out the silence
Was sounding clear and sweet;
My soul put on her garments,
Having wakened for her sleep.

This is what the voice was saying:
"Look upward to the sky;
The gates are swinging open,
The Bridegroom draweth nigh."
It was early in the morning,
Yet I gently trimmed my light;
For I must keep it burning,
Both in the day and night.

The selfish world kept calling:
"Since the fathers fell asleep,
All things remain unshaken;
Still man must wait and weep.
It is simply a delusion,
If you look unto the sky;
I'm gray with age and wisdom:
The Bridegroom is *not* nigh."

But I tell you, there's the signal;
I shall lift my voice and cry:
"Wake up, you sleepy virgins,
The Master draweth nigh;
Put on your clean white garments,
Go out to meet Him, go;
Hail to the world's Redeemer!
He has washed me white as snow."

Golden Grains Never Found.

BY MRS. A. A. COBER.

Life is short, too short to trifle with, yet many men trifle it into eternity. All along their pathways golden grains have been glittering, yet in their vain aspirations for something higher, they dream of "Africa's sunny fountains" or distant mountains, forgetful that at the same moment they may be trampling golden mines under foot. The anticipations that beyond their surroundings lay the goal of success are delusive. Wearied in mind, body, and spirit they flit from place to place, never stopping long enough to sip the sweets from nature's cup. Their disposition points to a vacuum within that has never been filled. The sunny days of childhood pass away like a dream, and they enter the vortex of manhood without a fixed purpose. They reach middle age and still no purpose. Their heads become hoary and they are still unsettled. The last spark of life vanishes. Their spiritual purposes are no less delusive than their temporal anticipations. They have spent their years as a tale that is told. Deluded man, from whence have you come, and whither have you gone?

How often we hear men bewail their lot with the lamentation that nothing but thorns grow along their pathway. Not so; my friend, if your pathway does seem thorny, pluck out the thorns, and at the root you will find golden treasures. There may be diamonds glittering there and need but your efforts to bring them forth. When Scotland was over shadowed by the darkest clouds, and the kingdom was well nigh wrested from the people, their king, Robert Bruce, gained new animation from the untiring perseverance of a spider. He summoned his forces and in a desperate struggle against the English gained the day, and Scotland was free. To Scotland the persevering efforts of that spider was a diamond of untold worth. But it cost Bruce hard fought battles before he found it.

When Christ came into the world there fell into our pathways a gem of rare value. Scientists have estimated the value of the gold in water and in land, but for this gem there has been no approximate value given. It is beyond calculation. Our happiness depends not so much upon the treasures of the world as it does upon the Spirit of Christ. There was once a rich man who had all the comforts of this life that wealth could bestow upon him, but he was still very unhappy. He started out to take a walk thinking in that way to ease his troubled mind. As he walked along he came by a small cottage wherein lived a workman by himself. As he passed the door he looked in and there the poor man sat ready to partake of a meal, but with only dry bread before him. His hands were raised as in prayer, and the words that reached the rich man's ears were, "all this and Jesus too!" Certainly, said he it this poor man is happy with a crust of bread and Christ, how much more so should I be. It is not so much what we have as how we regard that which we have that makes us content.

To the Christain, love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance and honesty are grains of gold, and should not be trampled under foot, but worn in his crown. How many souls pass into eternity without finding these precious grains! Nero was a stranger to them all, as were many of the kings that ruled over Rome during the beginning of the Christian era. Envyings, murderings, drunkenness, revelling strife, seditions and all varieties of uncleanness prevailed. With all this rubbish in their pathway the grains of gold were never found. Even today with all the privileges of a Christian country, with ministers of the gospel, and pious Christians, willing to lend an assisting hand to all those who desire to have their pathway cleared of its thorns and thistles, millions are going to destruction. The glittering gems that will sometime shine in the Christian crown they never knew. They pass into eternity only to find there the same rubbish that was strewn along their pathway here. Oh, miserable man! God has called him to a higher sphere. He has called him to be an angle in glory, but he would not.

Do You Have Family Worship?

BY IDA M. M.

This, we think is one of our practical Christain duties, and one which we fear is sadly neglected in many Christain homes. There are so many excuses that can be urged, the father says that mother is not religious, or the reverse. Or we cannot succeed in getting the family together at the proper time. These and many other reasons are given as excuses. And now suppose one or the other is not a Christian, what better method can we adopt to induce them to become so, than by prayer in the family? "Let your light so shine," says the Master, "that others seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven. We should let our light shine in the home then, surely, and if we have friends away from Jesus, we should do such deeds, and live such lives that they may know we have been with Jesus and learned of him. And if they see us neglecting duty in any form, they will naturally conclude there is not much in it. For they watch us, to see whether we live consistently, and we are glad that they do. It is good for us, and we watch and pray a great deal more than we otherwise would perhaps if it were not so. Some have urged that the cross was so heavy they could not take it up. Ah! my friend, we know from experience how heavy that cross can be, but oh it is not so heavy as the cross that Jesus bore for us, and if we go right along in the line of duty, Jesus always gives the needed strength to perform that duty.

Perchance God has blessed your home with children. Can you give them the Christian training you wish them to receive without this aid? That boy of yours may go astray by and by, but he will never forget your prayers for him. Your daughter may be cast adrift at the mercy of the cruel world some day, but those prayers may serve as an anchor to her soul to keep her feet from straying. And if we fail in this duty, what will our feelings be when that day of days arrives to hear our children say, "I never heard my parents pray." Brother, sister, let us consider this solemnly, as a duty that through our neglect no soul be lost. They are placed in our hands for training. We must train them for heaven, or satan will find means to train them for woe. And then family worship is one of the greatest possible helps to ourselves in living a Christian life. We arise from it with the consciousness of duty performed, of strength received to battle more effectually with the cares and trials of life. We believe it is almost as necessary as closet prayer. The one we cannot do without, the other we should not, and if it be a cross let us remember that he that beareth the cross weareth the crown.

Cambria, Ind., Oct. 12th.

Watching And Wanting.

BY LAURA A. JOHNSTON.

In this busy world of crowding cares and multiplied labor, is there not danger, amid the general din, of our forgetting our real duties in regard to our future welfare? We are bearing the noontide toil and heat, and now let us with patience await the summons which shall open unto us a morning of eternal day. Let our destined part be the home of the blest. Amid all our trials and temptations, let us look to Him for comfort and consolation. That one above, who reads all our thoughts, will never forsake us if we put our trust in him.

What is the main object of our life? It should be to serve God. Let us try to so live that in due time we may reach a home beyond this vale of tears. There are many things in this life to lead us astray and keep us from the pure love of God. The mind should be relieved by change of scene, innocent amusements, cheerful associates and such subjects as engage the attention and dispel the gloom which past sorrows have cast around us. By religion the blessed Redeemer has opened a fountain where every sorrow may be washed away—the water of life, where all may freely drink and live, though our affections are blighted and our expectations in this world disappointed.

We know that our heavenly Father has the power to make all these melancholy scenes of life of salutary influence and conducive to the soul's eternal health. Sorrow is not to be complained of if it is the passport by which we are to be made acceptable, where all tears shall be wiped away.

Christianity is a religion of trials and afflictions, but it is not the less a religion of hope; it casts down in order to exalt, and if it tries the spirit by affliction, it is to prepare it for the great reward. Christianity is a religion of sorrow, and sorrow is the noblest of all discipline. Our nature shrinks from it; it is a scourge, but there is healing in its stripes. Without hope how dreary would be the world! With the expectation of a glorious state of existence in the future, we can smile at care and trouble, arm ourselves against the fleeting pleasures of life and pity the deluded disciples of folly and dissipation. What matters it if our short life is exposed to the rude blasts of adverse fortune, if at last we are crowned with immortality? We have only to bear for a season our trials and afflictions, for we are heirs of glory. Why, then, cling to earth and turn away our eyes in gloom from the bright inheritance which God in his tender mercy offers? Let us rest in the belief that he doeth all things well.

Translation of the Scriptures.

In Matthew 24th chapter and verse 12, we read: And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wan cold.

In the German we read: Und diciveil die ungerectigkeit wird uberhance nehmen, wird die liebe in vielen erkalten. This would be about as much as to say: And because wickedness will take overhand, the love of many will grow cold.

In the Greek we find: Hia dia to pletkunthenai to anomian, psugesetai he agapeton ton pollon. This in English taking word for word, would be about; And through the multiplying of wickedness, will grow cold, the love of many.

The word anomian comes from the word nomos. Law, and the letter a placed before means not law.

We should not err very far probably if we were to translate: And because disregard for law will abound, the love of many will grow cold.

It appears that in ancient times they did not have as many words in speaking as we have now, and consequently it often becomes difficult to decide in which sense a word is used.

OBED SNOWBERGER.

Quincy, Pa., Oct. 5th, 1886.

The fullest faith of the Christian is the most reasonable thing in the world.

The lark goes up singing toward heaven; but if she stops the motion of her wings then straightway she falls. So it is with him who prays not. Prayer is the movement of the wings of the soul; it bears one heavenward, but without prayer we sink.